trus to be won with foot in stirrup and carbine in hand, gather than to be caught by the weaving and casting of the most intricate nets of diplomatic intrigue, though shoroughly weighted with Mealcan gold.

The King of Navarre was now thirty-one years old; for the three Henrys were nearly of the same age. The first indications of his existence had been recognized amid the cannon and trumpets of a camp in Picardy, and his mother had sung a say Bearness song as he was coming into the world at Pau. Thus, said his grandfather, Henry of Navarre, thou shalt not bear to us a moruse and sulky child. The good king, without a kingdom, taking the child, as soon as born, in the is a more and sulky clild. The good king, without a kingdom, taking the child, as soon as born, in the lappel of his dressing-gown, had brushed his infant lips with a clove of garlic, and moistened them with a drop of generous Guscon wine. Thus, said the grand-father again, shall the boy be both merry and bold. There was sometring mythologically prophetic in the facilents of his birth.

The best part of Navarra had been long since appro-The best part of Navarra had been long since appropriated by Ferdinand and Angen. In France there reigned a young and warlike sovereign with four thealthy boys. But the new-born infant had inherited the libes of France from St. Louis, and a later ancestor had added to the escutheon the motto "Espoir." His grandfather believed that the boy was born to resemble upon Spain the wrongs of the House of Albret, and Henry's nature seemed ever pervaded with Robert of Clermont's device.

The same sensible grandfather, having different slews on the subject of education from those manifested by Catherine de Medici toward her children, and the boy taught to run about bare-headed and

and by Catherine de Medici toward her children, bare footed, like a peasant, among the mountains and rocks of Bearn till he became as rugged as a young bear, and as nimble as a kid. Black bread, and beef, and garlic, were his simple fare; and he was tamed by his mother and his grandfaths.

bear, and as nimble as a kid. Black bread, and boef, and garlic, were his simple fare; and he was taught by his mother and his grandfather to hate lies and lies and to read the Bible.

When he was fifteen, the third religious war broke out. Both his father and grandfather were dead. His mother, who had openly professed the reformed faith, since the death of her husband, who hated it, brought her boy to the camp at Rochelle, where he was received as the chief of the Hugaenete. His culture was not extensive. He had learned to speak the trath, to ride, to shoot, to do with little sleep and less food. He could also construe a little Latin, and had read a New military treatises; but the mighty hours of an He could also construe a little Latin, and had rend a few military treatises; but the mighty hours of an eventful life were now to take him by the hand, and to teach him much good and much evil, as they bore him coward. He now saw military treatises expounded practically by professors, like his nucle Conde, and Admiral Coligny, and Lewis Nassau, in such lecture-rooms as Laudus, and Jarnac, and Montcontour, and never was apter scholar.

And thus he stood the chieftain of that great austere party of Hugueouts, the men who went on their knees before the battle, bearing their breasts with their knees before the battle, bearing their breasts with their knees of the party of Hugueouts, the men who went on their knees before the battle, bearing their breasts with their knees of the party of Hugueouts, and there are a product the party of Hugueouts, and the party of Hugueouts, and the party of Hugueouts, and party of Hugueouts, and party of the party of Hugueouts, and Jarnac, and Jar

iron gauntlets, and singing in full chorus a pailm of Thavid, before smiting the Philistines hip and thigh. Their chieftan, scarcely their representatives—fit to lead his Puritans on the battle-held, was hardly a

lead his Puritans on the battle-field, was burdly a model for them elsewhere. Yet, though profligate in One respect, he was temperate in every other. In food, wine, and sleep, he was always moderate. Sobtle and crafty in self-defense, he retained something of his old fove of truth, of his hatred for liars. Hardly generous perhaps, he was a friend of justice, while economy in a wandering King, like himself, was a necessary virtue, of which France was one day to feel the benificent action. Reckless and headlong in appearance, he was in truth the most careful of men. On the reliable was left the cent action. Reckless and headlong in appearance, he was in truth the most careful of men. On the religious question, most cautious of all, he always left the door open behind him, d schaimed all bigotry of opinion, and earnestly implored the Papits to seek, not his destruction, but his instruction. Yet prudent as he was by nature in every other regard, he was all his life the slave of one woman or another, and it was by good luck rather than by sagacity that he did not repeatedly forfeit the fruits of his courage and conduct, in obe-

ferfeit the fruits of his courage and conduct, in obe-dience to his master-passion.

Always open to converion on the subject of his faith, he repudiated the appellation of heretic. A creed, he said, was not to be changed like a shirt, but only on due deliberation, and under special advice. In his secret heart he probably regarded the two religions as his chargers, and was ready to mount alterastely the one or the other, as each seemed the more likely to bear him asfely in the battle. The Bearnese was no Pari-tan, but he was most true to himself and to his own advancement. His highest principle he was ever loyal. Feeling, too, that it was the interest of France that he should succeed, he was even inspired—compared with others on the stage—by an almost lofty patriot-lam.

Amable by nature and by habit, he had preserved the most unimpaired good-humor throughout the horrible years which succeeded St. Bartholomew, during urbich he carried his lite in his hand, and learned not to wear his heart upon his sleeve. Without gratitude, exithout resentment, without fear, without remorae, catirely arbitrary, yet with the capacity to use all lean's judgments; without convictious, save in regard to his dynastic interests, he possessed all the qualities becossary to success. He knew how to use his enemies. He knew how to the his pines of the truest of his own friends, one of the noblest characters of the age—whose breast showed twelve scars received in his service—Agrippa D'Aubigne, because the honest soldier had refused to become his pimp—a service the King had implored upon his knees.

Beneath the mask of perpetual careless good-humor, burked the keenest eye, a subtle, restless, widely combining brain, and an hoa will. Native sagacity had been tempered into consummate elasticity by the flery atmosphere in which feebler natures had been dissolved. His wit was as flashing and as quickly unseesthed as his sword. Desperate, apparently reckes temperiy on the battle-field was deliberately in-Amiable by nature and by habit, he had preserved

solved. His wit was as flashing and as quickly unspeathed as his sword. Desperate, apparently reckfess temerity on the battle-field was deliberately indalged in, that the world night be brought to recognize
a here and chieftain in a King. The de-nothings of
file Merovingian line had been succeeded by the Pepins; to the effete Carlovingians had come a Capet; to
file impotent Valors should come a worthier descendant of St. Louis. This was shrewd Gaseon calculation, aided by constitutional fearlessness. When dispatch-writing, invisible Philips, star-gazing Redelphs,
and petticoated Hearys, as upon the throne-of Europe,
it was wholesome to abow the world that there was a it was wholesome to show the world that there was a King left who could more about in the bustle and business of the age, and could charge as well as most soldiers at the lead of his cavalry; that there was one

processorerigm fit to reign over men, besides the glori-gen Virgin who governed England.

Thus courageous, crafty, far-seeing, consistent, un-firing, imperturbable, he was born to command, and had a right to reign. He had need of the throne, and she throne had still more need of him.

The Netherlands, by the death of Orange, had been fest without a head. On the other hand, a Spanish party had never been so fortunate in their chief at any period since the destiny of the two nations had been blended with each other. Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was a general and a politician, whose character had been steadily ripening since he came noto the command of the country. He was now thirty-seven wars of age—with the experience of a exagenarian. No longer the impetance, arbitrary, hot-headed youth, whose intelligence and courage hardly stoned for his insolent manner and stormy career, he had become pensive, modest, almost gentle. His genius was rapid in conception, patient in combination, fertile in expedients, adamsatine in the endurance of suffering; for pever did a heroic general and a noble army of veterans manifest more military virtus in the support of ALEXANDER OF PARMA. yans manifest more military virtue in the support of an infamous cause than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards. That which they considered

yans manifest more military virtus in the support of an infamous cause than did Parma and his handful of Italians and Spaniards. That which they considered to be their duty they performed. The work before them they did with all their might.

No man felt more keenly the importance of the business in which he was engaged than Parma. He knew this work exactly, and he meant to execute it thoroughly Antwerp was the hinge on which the fate of the whole country, perhaps of all Christendom, was to farm. If we get Antwerp," said the Spaniah soldiers—so frequently that the expression passed into a proverb—" you shall all go to mass with us; if you and a proverb—" you shall all go to mass with us; if you are an expension in the situation. His vivid, almost poetle intellect formed its schemes with periect distinctness. Every episode in his great and, as he himself termed it, his be tranguli vision of creative genius; and he was prepared to convert his conceptions into reality, with the aid of an from nature that never knew fatigue or fear. Alexander was never more truly heroic than in this position of vast entanglement. Untiring, uncomp aining, thoughful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, and the was the passed for a moment—with much work already accomplished, but his hardest life-task before him; still in the noon of manhood, a fine martial faure, standing, spear in hand, full in the sunlight, though all the scene around him was wrapped in gl. om—a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the andrashow which the energetic display of great powers, however unsermpulous, must always command. A dark, hearidonal physiognomy, a quick, alert, imposing head; jet black, close-chipped hair; a bold eagle 's face, with full, bright, restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed; fiving in the eaddie, with harness on his back—such was the Prince of blane.

PHILIP DE MARNIX, LORD OF SAINTE ALDE-

There were few more brilliant characters than he in

of Calvin, he had drunk, like mother's milk, the strong and bitter waters of the stern reformer's creed; but he had in after life attempted, although hardly with success, to lift himself to the hight of a general religious toleration. He had also been trained in the severe and thorough hierary culture which characterized that rigid school. He was a scholar, rige and rare; no holiday tifler in the gardens of learning. He spoke and wrote Latin like his native tongue. He could compose poignant Greek epigrams. He was so familiar with Hebrew, that he had rendered the Psalms of David out of the original into flowing Flemish familiar with Hebrew, that he had rendered the Psalms of David out of the original into flowing Flemish verse, for the use of the reformed churches. That he possessed the modern torgues of civilized Europe, Spanish, Italian, French, and German, was a matter of course. He was a profound jurisconsult, capable of holeing debate against all competitors upon any point of theory or practice of law, civil, municipal, international. He was a learned theologian, and had often proved himself a match for the dectors, bishops, or rabbin of Europe, in Lighest argument of dogma, creed, or tradition. He was a practiced diplomatist, constantly employed in delicate and difficult negotiations by William the Silent, who ever adouted his genius, the Silent, who ever adoured his genius, is friendship, and relied upon his character. beyond all his other efforts, at the died upon his character. He was an eloquent orator, whose memorable harangue, beyond all his other efforts, at the diet of Worms, had made the German princes hang their heads with shame, when, taking a broad and philosophical view of the Nertherlands matter, he had shown that it was the great question of Europe; that Nether Germany was all Germany; that Protestantism could not be unraveled into shreds; that there was but one cause in Christendom—that of absolutism against national liberty, Papacy against the reform; and that the seventeen Provinces were to be assisted in building themselves into an eternal barrier against Sanio, or that the selvee into an eternal barrier against Spain, or that the "burning mark of shame would be branded upon the forehead of Germany;" that the war, in short, was to be met by her on the threshold, or else that it would come to seek her at home—a prophecy which the horrible Tuirty Years' War was in after time most signally

He was a poet of vigor and originality, for he had accomplished what has been achieved by few; he had composed a national hymn, whose s'roppes, as soon as heard, struck a chord in every Netherland heart, and for beard, struck a chord in every N-theriand heart, and for three centuries long have ring like a clarion wherever the Netherland tongue is spoken. "Wilhelmus van Nassauwe," regarded simply as a literary composition, has many of the qualities which an ode demande; an electrical touch upon the sentiments, a throb of pat-riotism, sympathetic tenderness, a dash of indignation, with rhythmical largraphy and graceful layer resion; and with rhythmical barmony and graceful expression; and the it has rung from millions of lips, from generation to generation

thus it has rung from millions of the, from generative to generation.

He was a soldier, courageous, untiring, prompt in action, useful in council, and had distinguished biuself in many a hard-fought field. Taken prisoner in the sanguiarry skirmish of Maaslandssluys, he had been confined a year, and, for more than three months, had never had his head, as he declared, upon the pillow without commending his soul as for the last time to his Maker, expecting duily the order for his immediate execution, and escaping his doom only because William the Silent proclaimed that the proodest head among the Spanish prisoners should fall to averge his death; so that he was ultimately exchanged against the veteran Mondragon.

From the incipient stages of the revolt be had been foremost among the patriots. He was su the author of the famous "Compromise He was supposed to compromise of the 2 blee," that earliest and most conspicuous of the State-papers of the Republic, and of many other important political documents; and he had contributed to general interature many works of European celebity, of which the "Roman Bee-Hive" was the most univer-

which the "Roman Bee-Hive" was the most universally known.
Scholar, theologian, diplomatist, swordsman, orator, poet, pamphleteer, he had genius for all things, and was eminent in all. He was even famous for his dancing, and had composed as intelligent and philosophical treatise upon the value of that annusement, as an igent of civilization, and as a counteractor of the grosser pleasures of the table to which Upper and Nether Germans were too much addicted.

Of ancient Savoyaid extraction, and something of a southern nature, he had been born in Brussels, and was national to his heart's core.

A man of interesting, sympathetic presence; of a physiognomy where many of the attaching and attractive qualities of his nature revealed themselves; with crisp carling hair, surmounting a tall, expansive

with crisp carling hair, surmounting a tall, expansive forehead—rull of benevolsoce, idealism, and quick perceptions; broad, brown, mckancholy eyes, overflowing with tenderness; a lean and haggard cheek, a rugged Flemish nose; a thin fixible mouth; a slender

flowing with tenderness; a lean and haggard cheek, a rugged Flemish nose; a thin flexible mouth; a sleader mutache, and a peaked and meager beard; so appeared Sainte Aldegonde in the forty-seventh year of his age, when he came to command in Antwerp.

Yet after all—many-sided, accomplished, courageous, energetic, as he was—it may be doubted whether he was the man for the hour or the post. He was too impressionable; be had too much of the temperament of genius. Without being fickle, he had, besides his vereatility of intellect, a character which had much facility in turning; not, indeed, in the breeze of self-interest, but because he seemed placed in so high and clear an atmosphere of thought that he was often acted upon and swayed by subtle and invisible influences. At any rate his conduct was sometimes inexplicable. He had been strangely fascinated by the ignoble Duke of Anjon; said, in the sequel, it will be found that he was destined to experience other magnetic or magical impulses, which were once thought suspicious, and mpulses, which were once thought suspicious, and ave remained mysterious even to the present day.

He was imaginative. He was capable of broad and

boundless hopes. He was sometimes prone to deep deepair. His nature was exquisitely tempered; too fine and polished a blade to be wielded among those hydra-heads by which he was now surrounded; and stunning sledge-hammer of arbitrary

force was sometimes necessary.

He was perhaps deficient in that gift, which no training and no culture can bestow, and which comes from above alone by birth-right divine—that which men willingly call master, authority; the effluence so naturally from the tranquil eyes of Will am

Passing over the events of exciting interest which took place on the soil of the Netherlands, we will follow Mr. Motley in his animated description of the attempt of Philip II. to dethrone Queen Elizabeth and establish the inquisition in England by means of the celebrated Spanish armada. The King had a settled purpose to subdue Protestantism, and to conquer the world; but his plans had their origin in subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. Still, there was never in the history of mankind a vast project of conquest conceived and matured in such an irregular, uncertain, and desultory a manner as this famous Spanish invasion. The schemes of Philip for carrying out his purpose were rather the puerile whims of a fanatic, than the arrangements of a statesman. The chief command of the fleet was entrusted to the duke of Medina Sidonia, a grandee of vast wealth, but with little capacity and less experience. Day after day, throughout the months of Winter and Spring (1588), the King had announced to the Prince of Parma that the fleet was on the point of sailing, at the same time suggesting that he might manage to cross to England, without waiting for its arrival. At length, during the last three days of May, the fleet which had been waiting more than a month at Lisbon for favorable weather, set sail from that port. It consisted of rather more than one hundred and thirty ships in all, divided into ten squadrons. The squadron of Portugal, comprising ten galleons, was commanded by the captain general, Medina Sidonja. Next to him in command was Don Monzo de Leyva, captaingeneral of the light horse of Milan. The total tunnage of the fleet was 59,120; the number of guns was 3,165; of Spanish troops there were 19.295: with 8,252 sailors and 2,088 galley slaves. In addition to these, there was a force of poble volunteers, belonging to the most illustrious houses of Spain, with their attendants, amounting in all to nearly 2,000. There was also the administrator and vicar-general of the Holy Inquisition, at the head of some 290 monks of the mendicant orders, priests, and familiars. The grand total of those embarked in the fleet was

The size of the ships varied from 1,200 tuns to 300. The galleons, of which there were nearly sixty, were huge round-stemmed clumsy vessels, with bulwarks three or four feet thick, and built up at stem and stern like castles. There were four galliasses, one third larger than the ordinary galley, each rowed by three hundred galley slaves. They consisted of an enormous towering fortress at the stern, a castellated structure almost equally massive in front, with soats for the

about 30,000.

rowers amidships. Heavy cannon were placed at stem and stern, and between each of the benches of the slaves. These vessels were gorgeously decorated, and were very wonderful to behold. There were splendid state apartments, cabins, chapels, and pulpits in each, and they were amply provided with awnings, cushions, streamers, standards, gilded saints, and bands of music-excellently adapted to take part in an ostentatious pageant, but for sailing and fightingthe great object of a war vessel-they were the worst machines ever launched on the ocean. All the ships of the fleet were so encumbered with top-hamper, and so overweighted in proportion to their draught of water, that they could bear but little canvas, even with smooth seas and light winds, and of course were likely to suffer in violent tempests.

The plan of the expedition was very simple. Medina Sidopia was to proceed straight from Lisbon to Calais roads, where he was to wait for the Prince of Parms, who was to come forth from Newport Slavs, and Dunkirk, with his 17,000 veterans, and assume the chief command of the whole expedition. They were then to cross the channel to Dover, land the army of Parma, reenforced with 6,000 Spaniards from the fleet, and with these 23,000 men, Alexander was to march at once upon London. Medina Sidenia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, guard the entrance of the harbor against the approach of the Dutch and English fleete, and after the conquest of England, proceed at once to Ireland. The ships of the Armada consumed nearly

three weeks in sailing from Lisbon to the neighborhood of Cape Finisterre. Here they were overtaken by a tempest, and were scattered almost at the mercy of the winds and waves. Of the squadron of galleys, one was sunk in the sea; two of the others were conquered by their own slaves; and the fourth with difficulty rode out the gale, and joined the rest of the fleet, which ultimately re-assembled at Corunna. They remained a month in that port, repairing damages and recruiting, and on July 22, the Armada again set sail. Six days later, the Spaniards took soundings, thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands, and on Friday, July 29, they had the first glimpse of the land of promise presented to them by Sixtus V. of which they had at last come to take possession. On the same day and night, ten thousand beacon fires from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at hand. Before morning, sixty of the best English ships were warped out of Plymouth harbor; the next day, July 30, there was a light south-west wind, with a mist and drizzling rain, but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze. By nine o'clock July 31, the fleets had their first meeting on the Cornish coast. There were 136 sail of the Spaniards, of which ninety were large ships, and sixty-seven of the English. The longexpected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant, in bonor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden Duke, stood in his private shot-proof fortress, on the deck of his great galleon, surrounded by generals of infantry, and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand, were for the most part, light, swift, and easily handled, sailing round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave-gangs. The superior seamanship of the English, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, enabled them to gain the advantage on the first encounter. They at once obtained the weather-gage, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect, easily escaping at will from the range of the stately and sluggish Armada. "We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon," said Hawkins.

The Spanish commander hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and the whole fleet vainly offered general battle. The English closely pursued the heels of the enemy, but confined their attacks to the rear guard. A running fight was thus kept up along the coast in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reënforcements and volunteers were perpetually coming to the English ships, until the battle had quite drifted out of reach of the town.

Meantime the commander of the Andalusian squadron, baving got his galleon into collision with two er three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his foremast close to the deck, and as he key crippled and helpless, the Armada slowly deserted him. Night was coming on, the sea ran high, and the English were ready to grapple with him, but no attention was paid to his signals of distress. The coptain-general coolly abandoned him to his fate, and the next morning, after a brave attempt at

resistance, he surrendered his vessel. This was an unlacky beginning for the Invincible Armada. They had been out-maneuvered, out-sailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, without being able to inflict a single blow in return. The next day, Monday, August 1. orders were given to accept every chance of battle, to come to close quarters whenever it should be possible. The Spaniards felt confident of sinking every ship in the English navy, if they could but once come to grappling; but it because more and more obvious that the decision was entirely in the hands of their foes. In order to check the want of discipline and of good seamanship hitherto displayed in the fleet, the admiral now sent a sergeant-major on board each ship in the Armeda with express instructions to hang every captain who should leave the position assigned him; and the hangmen were sent with the sergeant-majors to insure immediate attention to

the arrangement. The Spaniards selled leisurely along the English conet, with light westerly breezes, watched closely by the Queen's fleet, which hovered at a moderate distance to windward, without offering any obstruction to their course. By five o'clock on Tuesday morning the wind shifted to the northeast, and gave the Spaniards the weather-gage. The English attempted in vain to get to windward, and making a tack seaward were soon after assaulted by the Spaniards. A long and spirited action ensued. After a protracted and confused combat, the Spaniards were completely baffled in their attempts to close with the enemy. The cannonading was incessant. "We had a long and sharp fight," said Hawkins. Boat-loads of men and munitions were perpetually sent off to and their followers. There was scarcely a ship the English. Many high-born yolunteers could in the Armada that did not suffer severely; three

no longer restrain their impatience, and as the roar of battle sounded slong the coast, flocked merrily on burd, in order to share in the delights of the long-expected struggle. The lively, but irregular, and desultory action continued nearly all day, and until the English had fired away most of their powder and shot. The Spanjards too were already short of light metal. So much lead and gunpowder had never before been wasted in a single day; for there was no great damage inflicted on either side.

After various skirmishes, on Thursday, August 4, the English admiral bore boldly down into the very midst of the Spanish fleet, and laid himself within three or four hundred yards of Medina's flag ship, while his comrades were at equally close quarters with other vessels. It was the hottest conflict which had yet taken place. The two great fleets, which were there to subjugate and to defend the realm of Elizabeth, were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm together-all England on the lee. Broadside after broadside of great guns, volley after volley of arquebusry from maintop and rigging, were warmly exchanged. Much damage was inflicted on the Spaniards, whose gigantic ships were so easy a mark to aim at, while from their turreted hights they themselves fired for the most part harmlessly over the heads of their adversaries. The English admiral at length gave the signal for retreat, having no intention of risking the existence of his fleet, and perhaps of the English crown, on a single battle. The Armada proceeded to its appointed rendezvous with Parma in Calais roads-sailing slowly all the next day in company with the English, without a shot being fired on either side

noon, August 6. Never, since the e-tablishment of the English monarchy, had such a sight been seen, as was now revealed in these narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, 130 Spanish ships-most of them the largest and most heavily armed in the worldlay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon shot, with 150 English sloops and frigates, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world. Further along the coast, though out of eight, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks off the Fieurish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some 150 galleons, cloops, and fly-boats, lay patiently blockading all possible egress from the neighboring ports, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, whenever his fleet should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared ex-

The pext day, Sunday, August 7, the two great fleets were still lying but a mile and a half apart, calmly gazing at each other, and rising and falling at their anchors as idly as if some vast Summer regatta were the only purpose of that great assemblage of shipping. Nothing as yet was heard of Parms. Thus far, at least, the Hollander had held him at bay.

As the evening approached, and the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark masses of cloud spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of a coming tempest became distinctly audible. Within an hour after midnight, it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practiced eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drop of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. In a few moments the sea became suddenly luminous, and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide. There were men in the Armada who remembered the infernal fire-ships of Gianibelli at the siege of Antwerp, only three venrs before. That famous engineer was now in England. His floating volcanoes, which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, and whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers ead at a blow, were called to mind with terror. In a moment, the Spaniards were seized with a horrible psnic. A yell of despair rung throughout the fleet. "The fire ships of Antwerp, the fire-ships of Antwerp," was the cry, and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galliass to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled wish each other. Two others were set on fire by the flaming veasels, and were consumed. The alarm was occasioned by a device of the English admirals, who believed that by sending a few hastily arranged fire-ships among the fleet, a panic would be produced, and the Armada be thrown into confu-

sion, and compelled to slip its cables.

So long as night and darkness continued, the turmoil and uproar were terrific. When the morning dawned, Monday, August 8, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving toward the Flemish coast. The English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea. The fleets came together about nine o'clock A. M. off Gravelines, and a general combat commenced within an hour. The English had both the weather-gage and the tide in their favor. Sir Francis Drake in the Revenge, followed by Frobisher in the Triumph, Hawkins in the Victory, and some smaller vessels, made the first attack upon the Spanish flag-ships. Lord Henry in the Rainbow, Sir Henry Palmer in the Rudolph, and others, engaged with three of the largest gelleons of the Armada, while Sir William Winter in the Vanguard, supported by most of his equadron, charged the starboard wing. The battle raged hot and furious, for six hours; the English partially maintaining their former successful tactics, and refusing the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves along side. Keeping within musket range, the well-disciplined English maricers poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to infliet any severe damage on their enemies. During the whole action, not an English ship was destroyed, nor a hundred men killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through; their mosts and yards were shattered, their sails and rigging torn to shreds; a north-west wind still drifting them toward the fatal sand-banks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea; and firing wildly, received tremendous damage at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter,

of the huge galleons sunk before the fight was over; many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks toward a hostile shore; and, before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at least 16 of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada having thus been disabled or damaged, and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia gave orders to retreat. Crippled, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would still have faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee-shore, where it would be inevitable destruction to remain. Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, with the rest of the fleet followed the Armada through the North Sea from Tuesday night (Aug. 9) till Friday (Aug. 12) and still, the strong south-wester swept the Spaniards before them, uncertain whether to seek refuge, food, water, and room to repair damages, in the realms of the treacherous King of Scota, or on the iron-bound coasts of Norway. Medina Sidonia had however quite abandoned his intention of returning to England, and was only anxious for a safe return to Spain. On the other hand, the Devonshire commander, Vice Admiral Drake, could not restrain his hilarity as he saw the Invincible Armada of the man whose beard he had so often singed, rolling through the German ocean, in full flight from the country which was that week to have been made a Spanish province. Unprovided as were his ships, he was for risking another battle, but Howard decided "to wrestle no further pull." Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, Aug. 12, it was determined in council to put into the frith of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet -and at last dropped anchor on Saturday afteruntil it should be past the Isles of Scotland." After suffering much from violent gales, the English ships within four or five days were all safely anchored in Margate roads. Far different was the fate of the Spaniards.

Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery for a long time hung over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered a most furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faroe and the Hebrides. Their perilous track was pursued by constant disaster; gale after gale dashed them on sand-banks, or shattered them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet, which claimed the dominion of the seas; and were whitened with the bones of those invincible legious which were to have sacked the City of London, and made the English nation a Spanish vice-royalty. Of the four galliasses and four galleys, only one of each returned to Spain. Of the 91 great galleons and hulks, 58 were lost, and 33 returned. Of the tenders and zabras, 17 were lost, and 18 returned. Of 134 vessels which sailed from Corunns in July, but 53, great and small, made their escape to Spain, and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The Invincible Armada had not only been vanquished but annihilated. Of the 30,000 men who sailed in the fleet, probably not more than 10,000 ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning, so that to relieve the universal gloom. an edict was published forbidding to wear mourn-

ing at all. Such was the result of the invasion, which had been so long preparing, and at an almost incalculable expense. In the year 1583 alone, the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions of ducats, beside as large a sum on board the Armada itself. Yet, with all this sacrifice of treasure and of life, nothing had been accomplished, and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous. "Beaten and shuffled together from the Lizard to Calais, from Calais driven with samile from their anchors, and chased out of sight of England about Scotland and Ireland," as Drake expressed himself, the Spaniards indeed presented but a sorry spectacle. This invincible and dreadful navy," said the same bluff mariner, "with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailing about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinuace, or cock-boat of ours, or burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

We here take leave, for the present, of Mr. Motley, who has done such brilliant justice to one of the most remarkable episodes of English history in the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Nor has he failed to turn to the best account the other salient and effective points with which he comes in contact in the course of his narrative. Restraining his tendency to too intense coloring, though often skirting the borders of the melodramatic, he leaves the most vivid impression on the mind of the reader of the actual features of the scenes which he describes. His style, with all its merits, inclines strongly to diffuseness; it is often barsh and rugged, sometimes careless and involved; but, in his account of great and stirring events, relating to the highest interests of nations and humanity, he never ceases to be animated, picturesque, and glowing with electric sympathy.

BOOKS RECEIVED. A Message from the Sen: And the Uncommercial Traveller. By Charles Dickens. 12mo., pp. 830. T. B. Peterson I Charles Dickens. 12mo., pp.
Brothers.
Saion. Coerciou, and Civil War. The Story of 1881. 12mo.,
pp. 502. The Same.
General Series of Tracts published by the American Tract
General Series of Tracts published by the American Tract pp. 502. The Same.

The General Series of Tract onblished by the American Tract Society. Vol. 1. 12mo., Boston. No. 28 Cornhill.

Frayer for Colleges. A Fremium Bessy. By Rev. W. S. Tyler, D. D. 12mo., pp. 202. American Tract Society.

Hand Book for active Service. By Eggent L. Viele, lote U. S. A. 12mo., pp. 292. D. Van Nestrand.

FATAL ACCIDENT .- Mr. Robert McCune, an old regident of Susquehanna, and a much beloved and respected citizen, met with a sudden and awful death on Monday, the 4th inst., at the Cascade of the New-York and Erie Railroad, four miles east of Susquehanna Depot, under the following circumstances: Living within a few rods of the Cascade, Mr. McCane was in the habit of frequently visiting that noted place, in company with of the Cascase, Mr. McCune was in the habit of frequently visiting that noted place, in company with friends and strangers, ever since the commencement of the road. On this occasion he was in company with a friend who was anxious to view the wouders of the place and note the progress of the works. As the gravel train was standing near them, Mr. McCune thought he would jump on and ride a short distance. He accordingly got on the hind car while it was standing still; the engineer did not notice him, and on starting up suddenly forward he was thrown backward upon the track. Had the train thus continued its forward motion all would probably have been well, but the engineer, unaware of the section, immediately reversed the motion, and before Mr. McCune could recover himself the cars were upon him. The wheels passed over his head lengthwise, nearly severing the parts over which they passed; he was dragged the length of several rails, stripping off nearly all his clothing, and mangling his body in a most shocking manner. Mr. McCune was seventy-four years of age, but remarkably smart and active for one of his years.

## CITY ITEMS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This house closes to-day a grand matinee, Mies Kellogg, Mies Philips, Standard Brignoli, Susini, and Ferri appearing in their roles in Donizetti's favorite opera of "Linda di Chamounia"

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.-Miss Hinkley unounced for a benefit at this house to-night. Stedeserving of a full house, and will undoubtedly witness one, for she has "won golden opinions" from patrons of the opera. On this occasion, the entire opera of "Norma" will be performed, in which will appear Mme. Colson, Miss Hinkley, Sig. Stigelli, Sig. Susini. After which the last act of Rigolette will be given-Mirs Kellogg, Miss Phillips, Sig. Stigeth. and Sig. Ferri appearing in their favorite roles.

CINDERELLA AND HER SISTERS .- This beautiful picture, after a short exhibition in Philadelphia, has returned to the city, and is once more at Schane's Gold lery, No. 629 Broadway.

Central Park will be performed to-night at Wallace Theater for the last time, at least for the present

PUBLIC DIRNER TO MR. DIX.—A number of production to produce to pro nent gentlemen in this city met yesterday to m definite arrangements for the reception of Mr. Dix some appropriate entertainment. Among those was have taken part in this movement are said to be man than a hundred of our leading bankers and merch

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN .- The second serm the course to the young men of this city will be delle ered to-morrow evening by the Rev. T. S. Hastings the Mercer-street Presbyterian church.

THE TRUANT LAW.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that there is a law against trusney, which, enforced, would soon rid the streets of idle and vicious children. Owing to the neglect of the Police Commis sioners, no special officers are appointed for the pose, and the law is virtually dead, as far as this circumstance. is concerned, though in successful operation in Brooklys and other places. To meet this state of things in the Twenty-first Ward, an Industrial School has just been commenced, in connection with the Home for the Friendless. It is located at No. 435 Fourth avenue, and already gives promise of success. On Monday evening Mr. Gough will lecture on the "Children's the Streets," at Cooper Institute, the proceeds being devoted to the support of this new School.

CLEANING THE STREETS .- The last few days hand been favorable for getting out the heavy accumulations of mud in the streets near the rivers, but for other partions of the city no time could be much worse, the o bined drouth and wind rendering it next to impossible to stir the dirt without its spreading into clouds, and descending on everythiz g and everybody. But we are promised a better state of affairs. Mr. Hackley feeces to be opposed to any compromises that will leave us dirty streets. "The city must and shall be kept clean" is his motto. To this end he has given order to the foreman in each Ward to pur on as many mee as will keep constantly at work as many carts as the fact-ities for dumping will allow. Up to 14th street, Breadway is cleaned nightly, and next week it will be done as far as 23d street. One prominent cause of dirty streets has been that in erecting new buildings and in altering. enlarging or cleaning out cellars, the practice has been quite general for a large quantity of rubbish to be les in front of the premises, which gets scattered about each way a bundred feet or more, and remaining until removed by the street cleaners. An offense of the kind is liable to a fine, and probably before long mean ures will be taken to make examples in a few cases.

PRENCH REPUBLICAN CLUB.--In pursuance & notice given last week, this Club convened on Thursday, vening, 7th inst., at their rooms, No. 618 Broadway, for the purpose of electing officers for the current year The following gentlemen were unanimously chosen: President, Dr. R. Tranchand; Vice-President, F. Boods Tonsurer, T. M. Alles, Secretary, G. Batchelor, Kzecu ive Con-nives, G. Batchelor, P. Langevin, J. B. Pintesur, F. Rides Violette, A. L. Smith.

The Club adjourned, to meet on the first Thursday of

Not MURDERED .- Coroner Schirmer held an inquest on Thursday on the body of Hugh Duffy, which was found in the river at the foot of Christopher street. A post mortem examination was made by Dr. Geo. Bouten, when a verdict of death from drowning was rendered by the Jury. The deceased was a coachman, formerly n the employ of Mrs. Parrish, in Union square. Ou the 30th of December he disappeared in a mysterious manner, and suspicions of foul play were entertain leading to several arrests, without effect. The city at thorities offered a reward of \$500 for the discovery the missing man. It is now supposed that he wa

ARRESTS FOR MURDER. -- Officer Irving of the Twee ARRESTS FOR MURDER.—Contest arrested three mon-tieth Ward on Thursday night arrested three mon named Michael Gillespie, James Scott, and James to have been implicated Blythe, who are supposed to have been implica with Jeremiah Flynn and John Snedden in the murder of Joseph Sutcliffe, steward of the brig William and Mary, on the night of the 24th of December last. There five persons were all arrested at the time, but on examination before a magistrate, all but Plynn and Soedden were discharged. The Grand Jury baving found an indictment against all five of the persons named bench warrants were issued, and the three were taken into custody as above stated. The prisoners were committed to the Tombe for trial.

ROBSED IN THE STREET .- On Thursday, night ROBBED IN THE STREET.—On Thursday, night and Mr. Thomas H. Copkins of No. 74 Horato street was passing through Bleecker street, on his way home, he was met at the corner of Bank street by two unknows non. One of the mean remarked that him, wherespon they both seized him and throw him violently down a filtent-feet area. Mr. Copkins struck the pavement with such force as to render him herealth in which condition he was rubsequently found by a policous of the Ninth Ward, who conveyed him to the Station-Home. Mr. Copkins was soon restored to consciousness, when he discovered that he had been robbed of a wallet containing Sci.. No clue to the ruffins could be obtained, as Mr. Copkins did not know either of them, and the struggle was so brief that he had no opportunity to observe them.

Bunot ary .- On Sunday night the house No. 120 Burnot arr.—On Sunday night the nones A Prince street was entered by bouglars, and \$1,500 we clothing carried from the room of a French lady who is between. On Thursday, Officer Van Strut of the sight Nessone of the stolen property in the pawn-shop of. a Mr. Jin Broome street where he obtained it formation which the arrest of Robert Nicken on sapicion of having come the burgiary. In the possession of the prisoner was for remainder of the mixing property, and Justice Councily quently committed him to answer.

By absence of the Twentieth Ward, on Thursday evening exTelechman of the Twentieth Ward, on Thursday evening exrested two men, named Thomas Quig and James Bonnelly, where
are charged with having committed a felonicus assunt upon
James McNamen. The complainant alleges that the prisoners,
with some companious, came to his saloon, No. 126 West Twentynicht street, and commenced a row with him and his barkespeSubsequently the rowdies west into the street and three stones
through the windows, and on his going to the door to stay them,
one of them out him sewerely in the hand. Justice Connelly
committed the occurred to answer.

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH .- John O'Neill, ship-joines A FRIGHTFUL DEATH—John O'Rein, amplication while working in Mr. Sinonson's ship-yard, on the lat instantives descending a ladder to the hold of a ship, when his for shipped, such the fell to the bottom, a distance of 16 feet, his baccoming in contact with an iron spith, which pleaced the data and entered the brain to a depth of five inches. The injured may was immediately removed to his residence in Cannon street, where he linepred until posterdey morning, when death encountries where he linepred until posterdey morning to the death encountries of the contact of the death encountries of the contact of the contact

FOUND DROWNED. - The body of an unknown men FOUND DROWNED.—The body of an unknown men, apparently about 35 years of age, was found on Thursday evening in the river, at the foot of East Twenty-fifth street. It was secured and sent to Believes Deal-House. The deceased well dreamed had brown hair and red beard, was five feet the inches in hight, and is supposed to be respectably connected, portion of the cichting worn by deceased can be seen at the Coroner's Office. An isspect will be held in the case to day.

THE LAST DAY.—These are omi THE LAST DAY.—I here are ominous words, many will reg et, when it is too late, that this is the last de those extraordinary curtosities, the living ATEC CHLDREN, ALBINO FAMILIT, at BARREY's MCARIN. There will be act to see them, especially as they see all the other wonders that thrilling drams, the WORM 1s WHITE, which is played the last last This ATTERNOON and RYRKINS.

DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT Rollef Immediately. Ours certain.

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